

Amusement for starving Mechanics. 165

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE TYTHE AND TAX CLUB.

Shortly will be performed,

The COMICAL TRAGEDY of

L O N G F A C E S,

Prepared by a Herd of WOLVES in Sheep's Cloathing,

Under the Direction of a Gang of

CUT-THROATS, PLUNDERERS, and ASSASSINS,

When they and their DELUDED Followers are a Third Time, by a Deceit of

Nebuchadnezzar

KING OF BABYLON,

To call upon *their* God

To bless their ARMS and sanctify their CRIMES:

He being, when before called upon either Talking, or Pursuing, or on a Journey, or peradventure Sleeping and must (now) be A W A K E N E D.

It is expected they will cry out much louder than heretofore, and cut themselves with knives and lancets after the manner of *Baal's Priests*, 1. Kings, c. 18.

The F R I E N D S O F M A N K I N D,

Are desired at the same time, to *pray earnestly* to the

G O D O F E L I J A H,

to continue his protection and assistance to the *Righteous* in their own defence to "abate the pride, assuage the malice, and confound the devices," of the cruel and tyrannical *Butchers* of the human race, and to humble their iron hearts to speedy terms of PEACE and SUBMISSION.

Hearken O ye Hypocrites!"

"Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?—Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out of thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?" *Isaiah lvi. v. 6, 7.*

WHICH OF THESE THINGS HAVE YE DONE?

A N D

WHICH OF THESE THINGS HAVE THE FRENCH NOT DONE?

Ye vile Hypocrites!—Ye infatuated Monsters! how dare ye approach the Throne of Him whose grand precept is *Peace and good-will to all Men*, (your hearts being filled with *wickedness and deceit*; and garments dyed with *blood*) to implore Divine assistance for the destruction of *those* who have faithfully and effectually executed these sacred *commands*? Cease then, ye impious wretches! hide your *guilty* heads, in your own confusion! Sue for PEACE, and crave Mercy from an offended Deity, lest that *vengeance* overtake you, which your manifold sins, have so long and justly merited.—For *Ishphet* is ordained of old, yea, FOR THE KING it is prepared, *Isaiah xxx. 33.*

Ye Tyrants bend to *Moloch's* shrine,
With murd'rous Hands and Hearts of steel:
Wait, fast, and pray, till WRATH DIVINE,
Make your obdurate spirits feel.

But dare not ask the PRINCE of PEACE,
Dare not the GOD of LOVE implore;
To give your foul designs success,
And drench his earth in crimson gore.

Well may ye tremble while each Throne,
Shakes and foretels its overthrow;
The thund'ring arm of Heav'n will soon
Inflict the grand, decisive blow.

Your puny efforts are in vain,
To keep the Human Race in thrall
GOD has espous'd the Cause of Men,
And both decree that you must fall.

R. L. E. E.